

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

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DAVID R. MURRAY,
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All letters and papers intended for publication, please address the "Editors of the Breckenridge News," or "Editors of News." All communications on business, address to J. D. Barrage.

All communications must be accompanied by the name of the author. We will, by request, withhold the name from the public.

THE RADICAL PROGRAMME.

The bill introduced into the House by Mr. Page, Republican of California, foretells the policy to be adopted by the Radicals towards the negro voters. It is clearly a policy of intimidation. No one knows better than the author of the bill that, should it pass both branches of Congress and receive the Executive signature, it could not become other than a dead letter. A glance at its object will attest this. It provides that the representation of South Carolina in the House of Representatives shall be restricted to two members, based on the total of the white population of that State—thus disfranchising at one fell swoop the entire colored voting population.

Mr. Page's reason for offering this extraordinary measure, as given in the brief remarks with which he prefaced its presentation, is that the Legislature of South Carolina had, by enactment, disfranchised a large percentage of its colored voters. The enactment complained of was simply an educational qualification for the privilege of suffrage. He does not seem to understand either of these propositions:

1. That suffrage is not an inherent but an acquired right.
2. That each and every State has exclusive jurisdiction over the qualifications of voters.

3. That Congress has no jurisdiction whatever over the question.
4. That requiring the South Carolinian to be able to read and write before he shall be entitled to exercise the functions of a voter, applies to the white race as well as to the black.

In enacting such a law, the Palmetto State but followed the example of several Northern and Eastern States, whose loyalty and devotion to Radicalism even Mr. Page himself can not dispute. And, even then, South Carolina did not go as far as Mr. Page's own native State, Rhode Island, which disfranchises its citizens on account of poverty—for in that little hot-bed of political iniquity a property qualification is exacted of the voter.

South Carolina's law was passed—not to disfranchise any one, black or white—but to compel her citizens to send their children to public schools she has created for both black and white, having found that compulsory legislation was required, and believing that no parent, of any color, would willingly send his child to a school where he would be subjected to the same discipline as the white child.

But, all the same, the Radicals propose to use the South Carolina law as an excuse for intimidating the blacks. At the recent State election in that State, nearly eighty per cent. of the colored vote was cast for the Democratic ticket. In every other Southern State the negroes are abandoning the Radicals and coming over to the Democrats. The Radical leaders witness the alarm and indignation. Hence it is that a bill like that of Page's is introduced in Congress. Its literal interpretation is this: "Here, you niggers, if you don't quit voting with the Democrats you shan't vote at all. Look at this. If you don't stick to us we'll pass it, and then where'll you be?"

And that is the policy to be hereafter pursued towards the negroes by the party which claims to own their body and soul.

"Less talk and more action" would be an admirable motto for the average congressman.

Our only fear is that the story about our great Valerian being offered the Bulgarian crown is untrue.

When you hear a man vociferously claiming that the party owes him an office, you can safely wager that nature neglected to qualify him for the duties of office.

JAMES BLAINE, of Maine, is the champion bull-dog of the present Congress. He industriously thrusts the incandescent shen in the eyes of the Democratic gentleman before him.

The country needs and demands wise and moderate legislation. Messieurs Congressmen, fight your political battles on the stump, and give us rest, and peace, and prosperous times again.

We don't like the present fashion the ladies have of stooping down and pulling up their dress skirts on the streets. They don't show enough to pay a fellow for waiting time in stooping to watch 'em.

The Detroit Free Press wants to know who wrote the poem, "The Dying Chlopatra." We give it up unless Proctor Knott recites it. In that case, we feel safe in claiming that Col. Pat Donnan is the author.

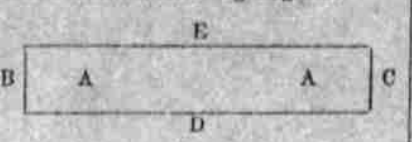
BLAINE can't understand why the negroes should vote the Democratic ticket. Does he understand why enough Maine whites in the strongest Republican district in the State voted for the Democratic candidate for Congress to elect him?

The Cincinnati Enquirer says the Democracy have no leader in Congress. Indeed! We want none at least forty members who are willing to make oath, every man for himself, that he is the legitimate successor and legal tenant of the late Thos. Jefferson.

A MOVING SPECTACLE.

It was a night, we warrant, worth waiting from here to Tolobasport to see. John McCollough, the actor, brought it about. And in this way: Like Captain Rice, "he got a treat," in one of the private parlors of the Willard Hotel, Washington. General Sherman was there, representing Radicalism. Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, was there, representing Immortal Justice. Senator Blaine was there, representing Political Magnanimity. Secretary Sherman was there, representing Probity. Hon. Joe Blackburn was there, representing "Old Crow." Hon. Proctor Knott was there, representing Col. P. Donnan. Sunset Cox was there, representing Attie Salt. Col. H. M. McCarty was there, representing the Palladium of Liberty. Beside these were some forty others, who played only the ignominious part of eaters and drinkers.

The position at table of each of those who figured in the touching tableau of Love and Reconciliation—about to be described—can be accurately ascertained by our readers from the following diagram:



A—The table. B—Hon. Sherman. C—Justice Miller. D—Hon. Joe Blackburn. E—Hon. Jas. E. Blaine.

Parson De La Matry, of Indiana—who was inveigled into the room by Sunset Cox under the pretext that there was going to be a meeting of Sunday School teachers—opened the proceedings with prayer.

Proctor Knott sang the "Sweet By and By," the entire company assisting him with the choros of "Pull for the Shore."

General Sherman, when Whitethorne, of Tennessee, stirred something in a tumbler with a spoon and remarked about the army, arose to his feet and said: "Nothing, gentlemen, could give me greater pleasure than to be with you on this occasion. We are indeed a band of brothers. I can assure my Southern brethren present that I love them even as Jacob loved Rachel, and his, my will that, when a few years back I was compelled to lift my hand against them, the hand was gloved. Moreover, it is my proudest boast that, during all the terrible struggle, I paid the most scrupulous regard to the rights of property, and hence the track of my army was never marked by pillaged homesteads and burned towns and villages. I thank my brother from Tennessee for the merited compliment paid me and the branch of public service I have the honor to represent."

Mr. Blaine then said: "I, too, am gratified with the spirit of fraternity which animates all here to-night. I, also, can assure my Southern friends present that I have ever loved the South with a love that surpasses the love of woman. The first years of my young manhood were passed in Kentucky, the Garden of Eden of this continent, and my recollections thereof are as pleasant as Mahound's dream of Paradise. The South has a history of which I am proud. Her heroes I admire; her lovely daughters I adore; her virtues I praise, and I am proud to call her chivalrous sons my countrymen. Their land is the land of poetry and romance—of odoriferous flowers and violet skies—of whispering myrtles and singing birds—of voluptuous airs perfumed by magnolia and orange. Without her, this land would be a wintry waste—a barren desert. Oh, I love her! I love her! I'll slap the mouth of him who says I hate the South!"

Thereupon arose our own eloquent Blackburn, who said: "There are moments when speech seems inadequate to express the emotions that convulse the soul. This is one of those moments. There may be here and there amongst the countless multitudes of earth, a wretch to assert that a few years ago I lifted a mailed hand against the North. But it is untrue. I have loved it from my earliest infancy. [As he said this, his hand unconsciously caressed the neck of a bottle of "Old Crow," which caused Col. McCarty to wink at Proctor Knott.]—I have never laid hand upon her save in the way of kindness. I can, from the bottom of my heart, assure her that if her endearing young charms, which so fondly I gaze on to-night, were to fade by the morrow and flee from my arms, like fairy girls taking their flight, she would still be adored as this moment she art, let her loveliness fade as it will, and around the dear ruin each wish of my heart would entwine itself lovingly still!"

At this point Old Tecumseh, overcome by emotion, lifted up his voice and wept. Justice Miller exclaimed, through his tears. "This is the fulfillment of the law." John Sherman sobbed. "This is indeed resumption of the era of good feeling." Said the weeping Knott to the blubbering Cox, "He's the south orator of the unaltered South," and the latter responded, "He shall be a chief of Yammany." But it remained for Blaine to rise to his feet, the tears streaming down his face, and bending over the table with outstretched arms, exclaim, "Come to this boom, my own Southern dear!" Blackburn threw himself upon Blaine's neck, and together they mingled fraternal brine.

Verily, such a spectacle was never seen since Willie "breaked a peck o' maud."

E. NORMAN GERRISON, a writer of execrable verse, and editor of an obscure New York evening paper, says that he saw Wade Hampton take a carbine from a soldier and shoot Col. James Cameron, brother to old Simon, through the heart, when the latter was a prisoner and unarmed. "The truth is," Cameron was not taken prisoner, but was killed at the head of his command in a skirmish with a detachment of Gen. Heitz's brigade. At the time Gen. Hampton was not within sixty miles of the place. Now, it may be that Garrison did not tell this atrocious lie. We only have Eli Perkins who he did.

HAYES is not to the heart, says a Washington correspondent, every time he sees to print doubts as to his title to the Presidency. He should not be so tender. He is a lawyer, and knows full well that in public estimation, as well as in the eye of the law, the receiver of stolen property is no better than the thief who stole it. Let him thank fortune that he is not in the penitentiary, but permitted to enjoy his swag without molestation.

NEWSPAPER FARMING.

It is really wonderful, the knowledge some editors—who couldn't tell, to save their lives, a barrow from a hemp-brake—possess of farming; and so far from a spark of honesty in his nature will hesitate to acknowledge his indebtedness to those people who furnish him scientific information, which, coupled with the practical knowledge of his calling, enables him to raise twice as much on his farm as he used to do on the old, hen-drum plan, and get twice as much in market for his products.

Before us is a city daily—a paper that is a power in the political world, and no slouch of a sheet in literary affairs. It has an Agricultural Department, which is conducted by the editor of a well known agricultural paper. This editor knows all about farming, if ever a man did. His knowledge, too, is practical, not theoretical. He learned all he knows by hard work in a clerk's office.

In glancing over his department in the daily paper alluded to, we were so struck with the aptness of the subjects he inculcates of farmers, that we felt it a duty we owe him and the enterprising daily that employs his services to make this public acknowledgment of the value of his services.

In the particular issue to which we refer, this scientific-practical city farmer spreads himself on Fantail Pigeons. "Ah!" thought we, when the title of the article met our glance, "here is an instructor of the farmer who knows what he is talking about. If there is one thing more than another of which our agricultural population is ignorant, it is the Fantail Pigeon; if there is one crop that will yield four-fold to the acre more than another, it is the Fantail Pigeon. If there is one cereal that will bring sextuple the price in market than another, it is the Fantail Pigeon. We'll read what he has to say about the cultivation of the Fantail Pigeon, and give our farmer subscribers a hint or two that will put money in their pockets."

So, we read his article very carefully, and this is the result of our reading: The Fantail Pigeon grows from eggs instead of grain. The ground should be well broken during the warm weather in early winter, so as to give the subsequent frosts a chance to mellow it. In the latter part of March lay it off by cross-plowing, as for corn. Drop two eggs in a hill and cover with a plow. The eggs must be planted on the first day of April. By the first of May the pigeons will be up high enough to plow. They never require more than two plowings. They are ready for the reaper by the middle of August. They must be reaped, not stacked. By November—when there is a demand for them in market—they will be perfectly cured and ready to ship. They usually bring \$400,000 per ton.

Such is the substance of the information we gain from this city-bred farmer. To him, and not to us, are the thanks of our agricultural friends due for bringing this lucrative branch of farming to their notice. As for ourselves, we must frankly confess that we have about as much practical knowledge of the Fantail Pigeon as we have of the perambulation patches in the moon.

An Indianapolis clergyman named Townsend, in his sermon last Sunday, advocated the arming of the Southern blacks, so that they could shoot down their white Democratic neighbors. He then asked his congregation to contribute money to buy rifles for the purpose. We will wager, first, that if any money was contributed Townsend has run away with it before this writing; second, that he is an ex-convict from some Southern penitentiary, where he served a term for stealing sheep; third, that should the negroes attempt to carry out his wish, he will not come down and lend them a helping hand.

MURDER IN GRAYSON.

James Craig Shoots John Overton, Cuts his Throat, and Beats out his Brains.

Last night the mail-carrier from Caneyville to this point brought intelligence of a murder perpetrated at Craig's stillhouse, some eight or ten miles this side of Caneyville, in Grayson county, the particulars of which are about as follows:

It appears that Overton had been cropping on Craig's land. Some time ago he became involved in a difficulty with a neighbor, whose life he came near taking. For this he was fined and sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in the Leitchfield jail.

Monday, having been released, he repaired to Craig's place with a wagon, and began loading the corn. Craig asked him what he was doing that for, when Overton replied that he was going to haul it off.

Craig then told him that he must not touch it until it was divided. Overton responded that he was going to haul it then, and if he (Craig) attempted to interfere he would kill him. Craig immediately repaired to his house, got his gun, and, returning, shot Overton down. To make sure work of it, he then cut the fallen man's throat with his pocket-knife, and afterwards battered out his brains with the butt of his gun.

We did not ascertain whether the murderer was arrested or not. His victim was a wild, reckless character, who had, on several occasions attempted the lives of parties with whom he had had differences.

STATE NEWS.

Judge Jeff Brown, a prominent Louisville lawyer, and at one time a leading politician of the Purchase, has been mysteriously missing for about four weeks. Whiskey was his lane.

A branch of the Southern Historical Society has been formed in this State, with Gen. Wm. Preston, of Lexington, as President.

Col. Marshall S. Howe, of the U. S. Army, who had been in charge of the government property at Harrodsburg for many years, died at that place last week.

Buyer & Milton, the great booting firm of Louisville, have failed. Their liabilities run up to \$372,000, while their assets are estimated at \$270,000.

Gen. Abe Buford, of Woodford, has announced his intention to offer for Congress to succeed Joe Blackburn.

The names of the parties to the Henderson will swapping case are Dr. W. P. Burton, formerly of Louisville, and Mr. Mc-

tion Allen, a druggist. The latter's wife—who is young and handsome—kicked, but Mrs. Burton was perfectly willing to let the trade.

Leland Sanford, the California millionaire, has been purchasing fine brood mares at Lexington for his ranch near San Francisco.

W. B. Morris is serving a sentence of one hundred days in the Madisonville jail for violating the local option law.

Hon. Rowan Leslie, of Monroe, was married to Miss Ellen Massey, of Tompkinsville, last week.

Owensboro's steam laundry furnished fuel for the incendiary's torch.

Typoid fever and whooping cough at Bardstown.

Elder Barnes, the Campbellite revivalist, says the coming of Christ is not more than five years off. Carry the news to Bob Ingersoll.

At Owensboro, last Sunday night, Jesse Gibson, aged seventeen, stabbed and killed Dangerfield Hathaway, aged sixteen, as they were going home from church.

The county judge of Hopkins refuses to grant license to sell liquor. He says he intends to stick to the letter of the law as well as its spirit, which he doesn't construe to mean ardent spirit.

Rev. Chas. Gates, Cumberland Presbyterian, of Owensboro, is dead.

James Donahue, a miner, was crushed to death by a mass of slate in the Hecla mine, at Earlington, Hopkins county, Wednesday.

Jas. Oakes and Lewis Chadwell, Carroll county farmers, had a difficulty Thursday about a cow, which resulted in the former being seriously shot.

Mr. T. G. Yates, a prominent citizen of Madisonville, fell from a load of fodder Thursday afternoon, in a fit of vertigo, and broke his neck.

Madisonville is infested with burglars—Louis Angell, a Frechman and shoemaker, got drunk in Owensboro Tuesday night and went to bed in the hall of the court house, where he was found frozen stiff next morning with his bottle by his side.

A Logan county colored woman gave birth to twins, a few days ago, which are half pig and half human.

Snow is said to be four or five inches deep in the mountains beyond Mt. Sterling.

Pryor Wright, tin and stove merchant, of Elizabethtown, has levanted, leaving numerous creditors in the lurch.

In a fight near Paducah between two negroes, one was fatally cut with a knife. The murderer then stole a neighbor's horse and escaped.

The wife of Rev. Dr. Hays, Professor of Church History in Danville College, died of apoplexy Saturday evening.

Grove Kennedy's case will be taken to Rockcastle county on charge of venue.

George Washington, the negro who recently outraged a little white girl in Louisville, was convicted in the circuit court, of that city, last Friday, and the penalty of death by hanging awarded by the jury.

Louisville society is wearing crape on the left arm. A prominent circus performer has left the city to spend the remainder of the winter in New York.

A large golden eagle was captured last week in Boyle county.

Two negroes have been fined in Lincoln county for intimidating another negro who desired to vote for the Democratic candidate for Congress.

Forty-two lives were sacrificed by the hand of violence in Madison county in the past two years, and forty-three persons wounded. Whiskey was at the bottom of every row. Nobody was hung for any of the murders, and only four or three nominally punished.

Mother Columbia, of Nazareth Academy, Nelson county, died of typhoid fever a day or two ago.

At a county school spelling match in Garrard county, 18,000 words were spelled and not one misspelled. So says the Lancaster Visitor, whose proof reader evidently took no part in the spelling.

Eighteen inches of snow in Laurel county.

There was no fight on the Quicksand, in Breathitt county, and consequently Jerry Little still lives.

Rev. Richard Gray has been appointed Sheriff of Woodford county. His first official act will be the hanging of a murderer day after to-morrow.

Chris. Seivers, of Louisville, bounced a young man named Tartar in Pulaski county, last Saturday, and was chopped into sausage meat by the latter. It is not always pleasant sport to "catch a Tartar."

Not yet forty and the mother of nineteen children, is the way a Casey county woman spells Constantine.

The explosion of a lamp killed a little daughter of Wm. Gaar, in Pulaski county, and seriously wounded two more of his children.

An explosion of nitro-glycerine, Saturday, at Earlington, Hopkins county, in the St. Bernard mine, blew a coal train, a pair of mules, and a negro to atoms.

J. W. Pomphrey, editor and publisher of the Covington Saturday Press, has been fined \$50 and sent to jail for sixty days, for publishing a libellous article concerning Congressman Carlisle. The latter had refused to let Pomphrey have \$385, and hence the libel.

Two men named Moses Long and Charles Carter were horribly mangled by the premature explosion of a blast, while quarrying rock in Pulaski county.

Dr. John D. Woods, late editor of the Glasgow Times, is a prospective candidate to represent Harren county in the next Legislature.

Woodford county is suffering from an epidemic of horse and cattle thieves.

Glendale, a famous Bourbon county trotter, whose record is 2:26, has been sold to Eastern parties for \$1,000.

Dr. Compton's fine \$10,000 dwelling in Henderson county, has been destroyed by fire.

Ex-Senator Simpson, of Taylor county, aged seventy-five, is dead.

A "citizens' ticket" compounded of counterfeits, Democrats, genuine Republicans, and one stray Greenbacker, is out against the regular Democratic municipal ticket in Frankfort.

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